

The T. B. work involves "inoculating guinea pigs, with autopsies six weeks later."

WITH THE 1942 - 43 STUDENTS

New Addresses:

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EXCERPTS FROM RECENT LETTERS

Henry Adams writes from Raleigh, North Carolina: "My trip down to Raleigh was more or less uneventful. The train left Asheville with some six cars. By the time we reached Raleigh, we found that we had gotten that number up to fifteen. At almost every stop, we had added a new coach, just as a college student accumulates credits....The heat in Raleigh was stifling, especially after being in the cool of the mountains. The 120 other boys here, mostly from the Deep South, only laughed. 'You should go to Alabama,' they said.....The A S T P unit at State College is on 'the wrong side of the tracks' in every sense of the expression. A much-used railroad runs right through the campus, neatly dividing the college into two halves. The civilian students are on one of the tracks; we are on the other. We are segregated from the rest of the college and are theoretically forbidden to cross the tracks... We are marched to all our meals and are fed in a cafeteria reserved for us. When our classes begin next Monday, we will no doubt be sent to them in carefully-drilled platoons. Nobody worries about the regimentation; this is the Army, and the Army's educational technics are not 'progressive'. There are compensations though. An amusement park and swimming pool are on the grounds, and a movie house is only a block away. They are much visited, at least until Monday.....Our present status is a curious mixture of army and civilian life. As we will not receive our regular Army Basic training for three months, we are not considered members of the regular army. Therefore, we get no army privileges such as free mail, uniforms, laundry service, or pay. We have only the discipline, the schedule (up at 5:45 A M, bed at 10:30 ), and the foods (more and better than what civilians get) to remind us that we are no longer civilians but reservists."

Aurora Cassotta writes from New York City: "Puss-a-foot is fine, and enjoying her new found freedom in a four room apartment. Unfortunately, the other day she cut her paw on a flower pot she broke. We were very worried because her paw was swollen to twice it's normal size.....The next day she was.....as frisky as ever...."

Betty Kelley writes from the Plymouth Beach Theatre in Massachusetts: "I don't look much like an amazon, so I have only a very small part of four or five entrances and five or six lines in 'The Warrior's Husband'. The play will be performed here next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, then will be taken on tour....I'm not on stage much in this play, but I had to stick around for about four hours this afternoon. I'm afraid that I don't quite appreciate the type of directing that I saw - nothing, absolutely nothing, was left up to the actor: practically every line had to be said a certain way, the way demanded by the director. Moreover, every move had been worked out for the actor by the director before the rehearsals. So the actor really has no chance to act; he becomes at best, a good puppet.....The classes, however, promise to be wonderful, classes in diction, radio, fundamentals of the theatre, acting technique, and make-up. I am quite excited about the opportunities here. But the promise of 'opportunity to act' is not going to be fulfilled.....Guess I'm too idealistic."

Gisela Kronenberg writes from Cincinnati: "I have started studying such dull items as psychological tests.....Hurray for the great God Statistics. To make a bad pun, I shall be able to swing a mean mean before long....I hope for the interruption of the insufferable climate. Temperature and humidity insist on having the same numerical value, you know, the 86F, 87 humidity type. Aside from that inconvenience we have a daily thunderstorm with added attractions like ball lightning, the kind that floats through a room. Never a dull moment....."